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MEMOIR OF Mrs HINCKSMAN

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Drawn & Engraved by
D. Hinchman

MEMOIR

OF

MRS. HINCKSMAN,

LATE OF LYTHAM, LANCASHIRE.

BY THE REV. JOHN HANNAH, D.D.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN MASON, CITY-ROAD;
SOLD AT 66, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1861.

~~200. e. 94.~~
210. g. 439.

London: R. Needham, Printer, Paternoster-Row.

MEMOIR OF MRS. HINCKSMAN.

THIRTY-FOUR years have passed away since the melancholy intelligence reached England that the "Maria" mail-boat had been wrecked off the coast of Antigua, in the West Indies, and that five Missionaries, two of their wives, four children, and two servants, besides the boat's crew and another passenger, had perished,—one only surviving, by a most wonderful deliverance, to narrate the sorrowful story. That one, known then as Mrs. Jones, has now finished her course. It is not meet that she should depart without some affectionate tribute to her memory. The following account is compiled from a few papers which she left behind her, with other documents; and it is hoped that it will present the edifying example of a right-hearted Christian whom the hand of God guided through severe and manifold discipline, even from her early days, and who, by His grace, was found faithful.

MRS. DOROTHY HINCKSMAN was born at Cobridge, a village near Newcastle-under-Lyme, August 17th, 1802. She was the youngest of four daughters, and had a brother younger than herself. Her father was in a small way of

business as a master-potter. Nothing worthy of note is recorded of his religious character. But, as will appear in the sequel, his wife possessed a superior understanding, with Christian light, and a strong sense of the duty which she owed to those whom the providence of God had committed to her care.

Dorothy was trained, under her mother's eye, in the fear of God, and in a strict observance of His law. Her parents were members of the Church of England, and regularly attended its services. Dorothy relates that, when very young, she had serious thoughts of the judgment-day, of heaven and hell. She used, even in early childhood, to think, and tremble at the thought, of appearing before God; and often wondered what she should do. But she then repeated the prayers which she had been taught, and not unfrequently experienced sensible relief. So soon was she led, in some measure, to know the value of prayer.

A review of her youthful days brought to mind several narrow escapes from danger, in which she rejoiced to acknowledge the hand of God. On one occasion, (for instance,) as she was playing on a summer's day near her father's gate, and quite alone, she was picked up by a party of gipsies, who were passing with their tents and baggage, and who, seeing her to be a pleasing and attractive child, doubtless hoped to make some advantage of her. She was soon missed; and, suspicion arising of what had occurred, her father, with a company of his men, started in pursuit. They had a smart

chase after the gipsies, but overtook them just before they reached Newcastle. The lost one was found, sitting contentedly in a hamper of straw, both hands filled with gingerbread. Once again, she and her brother, accompanied by one of the apprentices, were taking a summer-evening's walk, when night fell upon them. Their road home lay through a churchyard, fields, and by-paths. In their child-like terror they joined hands together, and Dorothy said that her mother told them, when in trouble, to pray to the Lord, and He would take care of them. So they all began very earnestly to repeat the Lord's Prayer, and continued saying it over and over until they arrived at home in safety. The recollection of the comfort and strength derived from that simple exercise of prayer often yielded her encouragement, even in later life.

When she was fifteen, her mother died. The daughter piously recalls her memory. She was affectionate, judicious, and godly. It is particularly mentioned that she greatly addicted herself to the reading of the holy Scriptures, and possessed so extensive a knowledge of them that the Clergyman of the parish said he never conversed with her without obtaining light and instruction. Dorothy loved to remember how the family Bible was read and explained on Lord's-day evenings by that exemplary parent. Her last affliction was long, extending through nineteen weeks, during eighteen of which the three sisters watched over her every night by turns. She appears from the

first to have apprehended that the "sickness was unto death." For a time, the ties of her family seemed to bind her to earth; and she found it especially difficult to give up her two younger children. But at length she gained the victory. One day, on Dorothy's entering the room, she said, "Now I can give you and your brother up into the hands of God. He will take care of you." Her entreaties to her children to prepare for heaven, and follow her thither, were often repeated by night and by day. At times, when they thought she had been sleeping, she would say, "I have been musing of heaven, and sometimes think I may be permitted to be your guardian angel. If so, what pleasure it will give me to know that you are preparing to follow me! Yes; I often think, if you do, it will add to my joy." Words like these could not pass away without leaving some impression behind them, when dropped from the lips of one who appeared to be all the world to her children. At last the solemn change came. But her preparations were made. About nine o'clock at night, she requested her husband to retire to his own room, and pray for power to give her up. That night he was seen on his knees, praying with tears and groans. Some hours after, she said, "Tell your father to come." Addressing herself to him, she said, "O, my dear, I forgot one thing. Will you promise? You can." He promised; when she added, with great difficulty, "If any of my dear children, when I am gone, should become serious

and religious, and should prefer any other Christian body to the Church of England, will you promise not to stop them?" He promised; and this promise was very important to Dorothy in her subsequent course of life. Looking at the foot of the bed, the mother said to her daughter Mary, "O! don't you see Him?—so beautiful!" Mary said, "Is it my father?" She replied, "O, no! you cannot see Him. It is my LORD, my GOD, my ALL AND IN ALL." She then said, "I am coming! coming!"—and, with a sigh, her happy spirit passed away to the land where sickness and death are unknown.

Dorothy could never forget that night. She speaks of the spirit with which her sister, on this solemn occasion, poured forth praises for the victory won, intermingled with prayers for them that were left behind. No common loss was sustained in the death of this excellent person. "The heart of her husband safely trusted in her." She was beloved by all. The poor had lost a friend; the rich, an example; and her family, a stay. But the death of the mother was the life of the child. After the interment, Dorothy stole away to the bed where her loved parent had expired. She felt the awfulness of the separation. In a moment, while she was on her knees, the thought crossed her mind, "And what will it be to be separated through all eternity?" "O!" she adds, "that word *eternity!*" She felt sure that her mother was in heaven, and that, if she herself were to die, she was fit only for hell.

From that time she began to pray, and seek a preparation for heaven. She listened to instructions, and earnestly coveted to know the way of peace. But she could not discover where it was. Her health suffered, and she went for a season from home. But all appeared to be unavailing. At last, a friend, who occupied a seat in the Methodist chapel at Burslem, invited her to go and hear the "new Preacher." She accepted the invitation, and went. During the singing and prayer, to use her own expression, the words seemed to *go through her*. When the Bible was opened, the Preacher read those words,—"Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." He looked, or seemed to look, at her; and then proceeded with his discourse. But such was the effect upon her, that she was ashamed to lift up her eyes. The Preacher told her of sins which no one but herself knew. At first she thought some person had given him information of her. But then she was utterly at a loss to explain how he had discovered those heart-sins which *could* be known only to God and herself. She went home full of wonder, and wished to hear the same messenger of truth again. She had soon an opportunity of doing so, and felt the burden of sin more and more. It is not strange that she greatly desired to meet with the Preacher, and name her case to him,—for she thought she was different from anyone else, and used naturally to

say to herself, "Surely if he knew how to make me unhappy, he also knows how to make me happy."

Opportunities of good were now eagerly sought. She stole away to the chapel whenever she could, though she was placed by her father under great restrictions. Once, while there, it was announced that there would be a lovefeast the next Lord's day. She made arrangements to attend, though not without some difficulty, and obtained admission. When the speaking commenced, she found that others had felt as she herself felt, and began to pray. Such was the state of her mind, that she could not rise from her knees. Some person, who seems to have known but little sympathy with a tender, wounded spirit, said bluntly, "Do you know that your sins are pardoned?" She replied, "No." "Do you wish it?" "I wish to be made happy." "O," rejoined the other, in a harsh, unfeeling tone, "you must pray to be pardoned." "I at once *felt my heart go hard*," she writes; "I could not weep any longer." At length, one of a different temper came, and spoke kindly to her, inviting her to his class, which met at nine o'clock on the Sunday morning. She promised to attend, and was up at two o'clock on the day named, longing for the time of meeting to arrive. "How like heaven," she says, "I thought the singing was! and the prayer was sweet." The Leader spoke of his own experience. "That," said Dorothy to herself, "is just what I want to know,—that the Almighty smiles on

me." "Something," she writes, "seemed to say to me, 'What wilt thou say?' and the chair shook under me." But she thought, "I must speak the truth, and say I want my soul to be saved." She did so, and was perfectly calm. A foretaste of promised peace was even then given. Very suitable advice was administered to her, and she states that she "went away much encouraged." Yet she was now more than ever convinced of her sins, which became a burden too heavy to be borne. She prayed, read the Scriptures, and anxiously inquired whether there were anything from which she could not part. Love of dress, and of pleasant food, was mortified. She gave away what she could. For a fortnight she was scarcely able to sleep, and she truly tasted of the wormwood and the gall. But the time of deliverance was at hand.

One evening, she went on business to Hanley, and, having despatched it as quickly as possible, repaired to the chapel; for she knew it was preaching-night. There she heard the late Rev. Charles Gloyne on "new-born babes desiring the sincere milk of the word." Returning home in haste, lest her proper time should be overpast, she reached the end of a lane, and, being spent, slackened her speed. "I was thinking over the words," she writes, "'*Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.*' Well, I said; but not for one so vile. It was repeated, '*Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,*' all sinners, even the worst. Then, I said, I must be one. In a

moment light broke forth. I had 'joy unspeakable and full of glory,' and my mouth was filled with praise." She sang, with arms uplifted, and celebrated what God had done for her in the gifts of spiritual eye-sight and salvation. That night was the 8th of November; but it seemed to her as if the very road shone with brightness. She went singing all the way home, delivered her message, hastened to her own room, and said, "This must be the pardon of my sins; and if I wish to preserve it, I must keep all the commandments." She read the Scriptures, prayed, and spent the night in true gladness of heart. Her father thought her beside herself, "quite gone,"—as he had predicted. The change was visible in her appearance; and from this time it was that she began that course of cheerful Christian piety which she pursued to the close of her days on earth.

Trials and impediments for a time beset her path. She had even to endure domestic persecution. Her father strongly opposed her proceedings, and would scarcely allow her to leave home, lest she should go to the chapel. But, after prayer, a way was often opened, and she unexpectedly got to the place she loved,—where, if she could stay only for a short time, she found a spiritual repast. In a little while, she formed an acquaintance with two young women who had lately passed from death unto life, during a revival of religion in the neighbourhood. With these she took "sweet counsel," proving them to be no small helps to

her in the way. One of the two afterwards became the wife of the Rev. Nathaniel Turner, Missionary to New-Zealand, and elsewhere; and the other, the wife of the Rev. Thomas Turner, Missionary to Canada.

After some time, she was led by the Holy Spirit's teaching to see the necessity of a deeper work of grace. She was made to feel that the seeds of sin remained, though she never lost the sense of forgiveness. When she looked on flowers, herbs, and grass, and saw perfection stamped upon them all, she used to think, Surely the Lord died, not only to provide the pardon of sin, but to purge out its very inbeing. She did not seek this gift of God in vain. At a lovefeast, twelve months after the one that she first attended, Mr. Stephens, a Local Preacher of deep experience, who conducted the service, spoke at considerable length of the way in which he had obtained the blessing of entire Christian sanctification. Dorothy was all attention. The fountain of her sins had often been discovered to her, and she longed to be free. Mr. Stephens proceeded. "I listened," she writes, "and believed, and said many times, 'With God all things are possible.' I believed it. Faith seemed to spring up more and more. While I was in this state of mind the lines were sung,—

'Wherefore to Him my feet shall run;
My eyes on His perfections gaze;
My soul shall live for God alone,
And all within me shout His praise.'

I was filled with power to give myself up wholly to God, and was *let into love*. All was love. I loved everybody, and was ashamed of my past professions of love to the Almighty, to His church, and to my fellow-creatures at large. No sooner had I reached home, than the reality of the change was tested by many unkind things. But I had not one other feeling than peace. I was not afraid, as I had often been before. I felt no anger, no repining. I had a peace which the world could not disturb."

Her earnest desire now was to do something for her Lord. From the first she had attended to the visitation of the sick. Her mother and sister had been accustomed to visit them, in order to administer to their bodily wants; but *her* chief object was to do their souls good. She used to set off with her Prayer-Book, and some little present, and tried, as she says, to do the best she could. She believed that the prayers which she read were often made a blessing to the sick. But after a while she proceeded to pray without a book, and was much assisted and prospered in the attempt. She then began to distribute tracts in the village, and prevailed upon some of the Local Preachers to come and deliver their message in a good man's house once a month. Occasionally, to her great satisfaction and delight, the Ministers of the Circuit called at her father's house; but not often, for he was by no means reconciled to her present mode of conduct. Shortly she became a collector for the Missions; and,

indeed, for a considerable time, she sought to lay herself out for usefulness in every way she could devise.

At length a time of severe testing came. One evening, in the month of November, 1822, she returned home a short time before six o'clock from her round of collecting for the Missions. Her father was in the room. After being silent for a while, he said he wished to give her the choice as to the way she would take; but she must determine, and let him know *within half an hour*. He proceeded to say that he had made up his mind, and that she must give up praying both in private and public, all attendance at the Methodist meetings, visiting the sick, and begging for "those blacks;"—that, if she would do this, she should go twice with him to the church on a Sunday, and to the chapel once; should have all the comforts of home, and share with the rest in what he had to leave: but that, if she refused, she must leave his house within the time named, and expect no part with her brother and sisters. She replied, that her mind had been in course of preparation for a trial; and added, "Why, father, if I were to give up praying, I should lose my soul; and the means which you wish me to give up are all helps to my soul." "O, no!" he contended, "it is not so." She then reminded him of his promise to her dear dying mother; to which he answered, that, if he allowed her to go to the chapel once on the Sunday, *that* would do,—*that* was keeping his promise. Much more

passed, and he then asked what she would do. "I cannot promise these things," she said: "I must save my soul." "Then you must go." She at once began to pack, and within half an hour, on that November night, she was on her way from her father's house in quest of a shelter, the servant-girl carrying a few things for her. "It was a great trial," she writes; "but my heart was kept, trusting in the Lord." She had no relations within many miles; but she directed her course to the house of a widow, who had been brought into the way of religion, and had become a member of the class in which Dorothy herself met. Going to the door, she said, "Can you give me a night's lodging?" "Come in," replied the widow. Dorothy named the reason of her coming; when the other said, "Now I see how it was. I was going to pay in my Missionary money. I got ready, and went out, and put in the key to lock the door, but could not. I tried and tried all ways; and, at last, in forcing it, I have strained my wrist. It is strange." She went in, and then tried to lock the door, which she did quite easily. Dorothy lodged with this widow, who had a small but comfortable house, until the following May. Happily, she was independent as to means of support, having been able for five years to provide for herself. She was now employed, with other young women, in painting china at a neighbouring manufactory.

Some explanation of the father's harshness is added by the daughter. It seems that, on the

day when he compelled her to leave his dwelling, he had met with a gentleman whose clerical profession might have dictated milder counsels. The gentleman expressed his surprise to hear that one of Mr. Hobson's daughters, and that the youngest, had become a Methodist. Mr. Hobson assured him that he had done all he could to prevent it. "You will not do your duty," said the other, "if you do not compel her." Dorothy was of opinion that, if she had shrunk in this emergency from the maintenance of her principles, she should never have been counted worthy of the Mission-work. But a few weeks passed before the stern father regretted the step he had taken, and desired her sister to see that she did not want for anything. Dorothy, meantime, pursued her usual course, doing all the good she could in the village; for her leisure time was now entirely at her own disposal. But it cost her much feeling to pass the house, often called "the cottage of contentment," which had once been her own happy home. The father at last told her sister that he wished her to return. Austere as he was, when he found that many of his acquaintance and others strongly disapproved of his conduct, (which had, indeed, caused a great sensation for many miles round,) —and when he had a remonstrance, in particular, from Dr. Belcomb, the physician, who had taken much interest in Mrs. Hobson's affliction, and had afterwards continued his kindness to the family,—he appears to have been fairly shamed and subdued by the force of public opinion.

During her absence from her father's house, Dorothy had an illness, for which, after trying various remedies, she was directed to consult a man of great celebrity near Manchester. When on her way back, after nearly a month spent in Lancashire, and intending to proceed to her former lodgings, she was met by her sister and a servant. The sister desired her to come out of the coach, and then conveyed her father's message that she must return home, and he would not interfere with her on religious subjects. She felt it her duty to obey, and from that day had full liberty.

It was about this time that Miss Hobson received proposals of marriage from Mr. Thomas Jones. She and her family had known him for many years. He was accustomed to attend their domestic parties in Staffordshire. This worthy man was born at Ipstones, in that county, April 18th, 1802. He was awakened in London, under the powerful ministrations of the venerable Joseph Benson; and was brought to the saving knowledge of the truth in the year 1819. In the month of February, 1821, he began to preach, or to exhort; and, in the following April, was deeply impressed with the importance of Missionary service. A short journal which he kept contains gratifying evidence of his fervent piety, his thirst for larger communications of Divine grace, and his earnest affection for the great work he was contemplating. He frankly offered himself for any part of the Foreign field. But, as his health had once failed,

and as a suitable opening abroad did not immediately present itself, he was employed for awhile as a supply in the Home-work, serving occasionally, and for a longer or shorter space of time, at Manningtree, Ipswich, Biggleswade, and Brigg. He was associated at Brigg with the Rev. William W. Stamp, who testifies that he quickly found him to be "a man of sterling worth, of great integrity, a bold and faithful expositor of Divine truth, and fully devoted to God."

The two parties seemed, in all respects, admirably suited to each other. Yet, here again, the father, with whom Dorothy was after all a favourite child, interposed a strong resistance. He intercepted letters, and even threatened personal violence if Mr. Jones should appear on his premises. All this arose in part, or at least received strength, from an apprehension that Mr. Jones would enter into the Mission-work,—a work which Dorothy herself loved beyond all others; for, shortly after her union with the Society, she attended a Missionary Meeting, and was deeply baptized with the Missionary spirit. From that period, to use her own language, she "longed to teach the poor blacks the way to heaven." At length the time for decision came. Mr. Jones passed his examination in London, received an appointment to the West Indies, and was desired to be ready in three weeks. He wrote all particulars to Miss Hobson, and requested an answer. She had never consented to be married without her father's permission. Once, Mr. Jones

having taken the opportunity of asking him, he answered, in haste, "Yes,"—but with a look and manner which meant anything but yes. Yet Dorothy always felt that, if she were called to the work, her way would be made plain. She committed herself to God in prayer. The moment of final determination was at hand. She was sitting alone. Her father entered. He sat down, and spoke with great kindness. She answered, and, her mind being brought into a tranquil state, went on to say that she had received a letter from Mr. Jones; that he was in London, had passed through his examination, was appointed to the West Indies, and wished to know if she would engage to go with him. "I suppose," rejoined Mr. Hobson, "if I say 'No,' you will go." "No, father, I should not think it right in that case to engage; nor would the Committee allow it. The Rules prohibit it." "You don't know what you are doing. You would never be happy with those blacks always about you. You would not be able to eat after their cooking, so particular as you are at home. And then the climate is so sickly, you could not live long in it." He spoke with calmness, as if the lion had become a lamb. She heard all he had to say, and then replied, "Yes, father, I have thought of all these things, and read all I could on the subject." "Then what do you want? Cannot you be happy at home?" She said, with deep feeling, "If I could but be useful to those poor blacks, I should be happy." He paused, and then replied, "Well, I neither say yes nor no: please

yourself." "Father, I shall think it my duty to go, as you do not forbid."—The parties were married at the Burslem church, October 22d, 1824. Breakfast was provided at the house of the Rev. William Hill, at that time Superintendent of the Burslem Circuit, who had taken great interest in Dorothy, and entertained a sincere respect for Mr. Jones.

Two days after the marriage, information came that the vessel would not sail so early as had been announced. This allowed time for a visit to two sisters in Liverpool. The newly-married pair journeyed thence by coach to London, passing through the Potteries. Many Christian friends met the coach to say farewell. Mrs. Jones's sister and brother were there, but no father. Yet the latter had sent a message, to the effect that she should have a home, if ever she stood in need of one, as long as he lived. This relieved and soothed her heart. On resuming her place in the coach, Mrs. Jones was affected with strong emotion. "Farewell, ye loved ones," she said, though not in words: "but I must do the work my Master has given me to do." Arriving at the Chapel-Bank, they paused. Hundreds were standing there, who sang,—

"Blest be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove,—
We still are one in heart."

"It was an affecting time," she adds; "but the Lord kept me from sinking."

The travellers now pursued their way during a beautiful moonlight night. "Not a cloud," says Mrs. Jones, "was to be seen. All was still, but the noise of our wheels, that seemed in haste to take me from the place of my birth. I could see at a distance my once happy home, the peaceful white cottage; and the grove in which I had many a time wept, when a girl, at the thought of the period when I should have to leave it. I could see the part from which my prayers and praises had often ascended to the throne, and where my spiritual strength had been renewed. I thought of my ever-beloved mother, now in the haven of rest. I thought of the flowers, and many other things, which I cannot now trust myself to recall to mind. For many miles, I said 'Farewell' to the very trees, and felt as if everything were dear to me. Yet I did not repine or repent. No! The promised grace was given; and the word has been fulfilled, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.'"

Mr. and Mrs. Jones reached London at eight o'clock the following evening, and proceeded immediately to the house of the Rev. John Mason; where they remained seven weeks, waiting for a vessel. "I was very young and inexperienced," writes Mrs. Jones; "but the Lord must have given me favour in the eyes of the friends. I cannot forget the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Mason during the happy weeks spent under their roof. I was favoured with the society of the excellent Mr. and Mrs. Morley. Mr. Butter-

worth also took great interest in us, invited us to his house, and gave us kind advice and encouragement. Mrs. Mortimer, too, called one morning; and, after some time spent in delightful conversation, prayed for me in a very remarkable manner. She might have known my future trials. All seemed to be laid before her. And, O, how she pleaded for me!—On my returning from the West Indies, and calling upon Mrs. Mason, one of the first inquiries was, 'Have you thought of Mrs. Mortimer's prayer?' We had both often thought and spoken of it."

The vessel at last was ready. Mr. and Mrs. Jones left London, December 21st, 1824, in company with the Rev. William Clough and Mrs. Clough, and the Rev. John Manley, all bound for the Antigua District. The Rev. George Morley went with the party to Gravesend, and with great fervency and affection commended them to the care of Him whose eyes never sleep. Mingled feelings arose, when they thought of leaving all that was dear to them on earth, and when they also thought of the work which the Great Master had called them to do,—"to which," adds Mrs. Jones, "we looked forward with something of restlessness." Next day they embarked in the brig "Topaz," Captain Strachan, Commander. The weather was rough, and the winds contrary, which caused frequent delays, first at one place, and then at another. The last was at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, where the harbour was almost full of vessels driven in by

contrary winds, and where the Bishop of Barbadoes, with several Missionaries of the Church Society, had been detained nine weeks. Arriving within the harbour on the Saturday evening, the Missionary party spent the Lord's day on shore, where they received kind attentions from an influential member of the Society, cousin to the far-famed "Dairyman's Daughter," of whom they heard much gratifying intelligence. Mr. Clough preached in the chapel morning and evening, and Mr. Jones in the afternoon. A lovefeast was also held in the evening, and an extra prayer-meeting at another hour of the day. Soon after, the wind changed, and the company bade adieu to England,—two of them, Messrs. Manley and Jones, never to see these happy shores again. Mrs. Jones describes the Bay of Biscay as "awfully grand:" but she adds, "I felt no fear, being compassed about with the Divine protection." The voyage was a prosperous one, occupying only five weeks from the Land's-End to Antigua. It is believed, too, that the time was not lost with respect to spiritual things. By the Captain's ready permission, the Missionaries had public services every Lord's day; and they also employed themselves in distributing tracts, speaking to the sailors, and giving religious instruction to any that were seeking it. Mr. Jones writes, January 3d, 1825: "This has been the most comfortable day I have spent on board. In speaking to some of the sailors, I felt an enlargement of heart beyond anything I had ever

felt before. I have been concerned ever since I came on board to do my duty to the sailors, and that they might derive benefit from our society and example." On February 7th, they reached Antigua safely, all in good health, and landed at English Harbour.

The strangers were most affectionately welcomed on shore, particularly by Mrs. Gilbert, and in the course of a few hours reached St. John's, where the District-Meeting had already assembled. They felt that they were in a new country, and in the midst of scenes to them foreign and singular. But the conviction that they were in the way of God's own appointment was as an anchor to their souls. At the Mission-house, they were met with the kindliest greetings by the brethren and their wives; and they soon found themselves under the hospitable roof of Mr. and Mrs. M'Kie, whose thoughtful attentions are gratefully recorded. "Our wants," says Mrs. Jones, "were supplied almost before we felt them." In the evening they worshipped in the chapel where Dr. Coke had preached when first he landed in the West Indies, and were greatly struck with the hundreds of black faces marked with a spirit of true devotion. It was good for them to be there. They were in due time introduced to many of the most intelligent people of the island, and formed some happy friendships. T. Johnstone Bourne, Esq., at that time resident in Antigua, whose house appears to have been the first—beyond the bounds of the Mission-house—in which Mr. and

Mrs. Jones found Christian hospitality, thus writes his recollections of them:—"They were in all the vigour of English health, and presented every indication of lives of usefulness and honour. She had all the bloom of her fatherland; and her amiable and gentle manners, as well as her consistency in dress and deportment, attracted the attention of all with whom she came into contact. Her exceedingly English countenance drew forth some animated remarks from several gentlemen who saw me handing her from the chaise, and led to many inquiries about her." Mr. Jones was stationed at Parham, "a sweet spot," six miles from St. John's. A report quickly took wing, "The new Missionary! The new Missionary!" One after another flocked to hail their arrival, and instantly made them feel that they were at home. The house, chapel, school-room, and other buildings were pleasant and commodious; and all things were in promising readiness for the commencement of active and various duties.

Here their days passed peacefully and rapidly away. Mr. Jones had but little spare time from preaching, visiting the people, and other pastoral duties. He gave himself to the work, and rejoiced in some good measure of success. As appears also from a letter of his to the Rev. William W. Stamp, he was intent on improvement, especially in the knowledge of scriptural truth. Nor is it surprising that, at the following District-Meeting, he received this testimony, as

a probationer for the Christian ministry:—"His qualifications for the sacred office are excellent. He is eminently devout; he loves study, and exerts himself diligently." Mrs. Jones, also, (who, as Mr. Bourne relates, "soon became a favourite at Parham,") zealously sought to discharge her part of Missionary service. She formed an adult class, and was well repaid by the attention and improvement of her scholars. One was a woman of the age of seventy-two, who sought admission. Mrs. Jones was unwilling to receive her, having as many younger and more hopeful ones as she could teach. The aged Negress said, "Yes, Missy, I know my head is *tick;*" (striking it;) "but I *asked the Great Massa* to help me read, and to put it into your heart to teach me." Mrs. Jones still tried her, and said, "What do you wish to read for?" "O, I wish to learn," she replied, "that I may be able to read *the great word.* I tink, Missy, that I may be sick, and have the fever; and you know Massa Missionary have plenty to do, and I live eight miles off. Den I tink, if I can read the great word, it will tell of Jesus, and comfort me." This appeal could not be resisted, accompanied as it was with every mark of sincerity. But the poor woman did not know a single letter. Her instructress directed her to come twice a week, gave her a book, told her she must ask some one to name the letters to her, and must get to know so many by the time she came again. This she did with the utmost regularity, and her

task was always ready. She advanced rapidly. One morning, a short time before Mrs. Jones left Parham, she was teaching this aged woman in the study, when her pupil joined the letters together so as to spell LORD. "*Missy*," she said, "*that is the Great Massa's name.*" "Yes," was the reply. She let go the book, and rose from her seat. She stood up, with hands uplifted and clasped together, and said, "LORD!" "And, O!" adds her kind teacher, "I never can forget the eloquence with which she addressed the Almighty. With tears she said, '*Massa! Great Massa! I can read your great Name.*'" She thanked Him for giving her ability to learn, and broke out into praises that He had put it into the hearts of good people in England to send out the Missionaries. For Mr. and Mrs. Jones, in particular, she prayed in such a strain that the latter could not restrain her own emotions. The poor Negress wept, and prayed, and praised, and left traces of her tears on the very floor.

Mrs. Jones had also a class of young females, who met for religious instruction every evening, except the one when public service was held. The hall used to be filled, the little ones sitting or lying in every corner, and some of them under the table. Many of them had been wearied with the toils of the day, and, in some instances, with a walk of several miles afterwards. There was every encouragement in the schools. Not a few pleasing instances occurred to show that the seed sown had taken root, and would yield fruit. The

subject of our narrative mentions, with affectionate thankfulness, that the Lord gave her favour in the eyes of many, of whom she particularly names Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. Thwaites, Mr. Garling, and Miss Pryn. "We were also truly happy," she says, "with the other Missionaries and their wives. Indeed, we were like one family. I am not aware that an unkind thought spoiled the harmony. The time was marked with mercies, unnumbered mercies from above, and kindness from earthly friends. I dare not attempt a particular description of that period. Suffice it that Mr. Jones and I were united in the Lord. The thought of a separation brought a pang known only to such as are so united. But Mr. Jones used to say that, when it came, we should have grace according to the day."

The time of the District-Meeting now drew near. As Mrs. Jones had paid no visit to any of the friends in Antigua, except for a day or two when her husband was attending to his appointments, she had promised to spend the interval of his absence with Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert, and others, and had looked forward to the visit with pleasure. But she had a very extraordinary dream, which seemed to portend the most imminent danger at sea to herself and the Mission-party, as well as to others, and which made a deep impression on her mind. She was at the time greatly agitated in her sleep; but afterwards, of course, regarded the whole as a dream, and did not wish to entertain the recollection of it.

But there lingered in her mind a feeling that suffering was at hand, and with it a willingness to suffer. This continued from week to week. At last, Mr. Jones asked her if she would like to go to the District-Meeting. She hesitated, and expressed her strong conviction that suffering was at hand. He asked, "In what way?" and said it could not be for fear of the voyage, as she had always been so courageous at sea. She could not say what she feared; only she felt such a conviction of danger: and, as she had gone out with him, so it was her wish to share with him in suffering, or in anything else. He then said, "You shall go." The impression remained. As the day for sailing approached, the affection with which the people of Parham clung to their Pastor and his devoted wife was very great, accompanied with fervent prayers to God for their safety. Many a one said, "I feel that you will not come again to us." But this may have had reference, for the most part, to the possibility that the District-Meeting might appoint Mr. Jones to some other place. What afterwards occurred is related by Mrs. Jones in her deeply-affecting narrative, entitled "The Loss of Five Wesleyan Missionaries, in the Maria Mail-Boat, off the Island of Antigua, in the West Indies, February 28, 1826." From that narrative, compared with Mrs. Jones's unpublished papers, a record of the mournful catastrophe has been drawn. This shall be laid before the reader, with but little abridgment, or change of her own simple and expressive language.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones took their departure from Parham for St. Christopher's, on Wednesday, February 1st, 1826, and about six in the evening of the same day arrived at St. John's. They attended a Missionary prayer-meeting, at which Messrs. Hillier and Oke were also present. It appears to have been a season of great interest and profit. Mr. Jones opened the service; Mr. Oke read an affecting account of the anxieties of the brethren in New-Zealand; and Mr. Jones concluded by solemnly commending the people, with themselves and the rest of the Mission family, to God. Next morning, at eight o'clock, many of the friends came to say farewell. Mr. White offered prayer; and, after a very touching interchange of valedictions, the Missionary company embarked, and soon set sail,—never again, with the solitary exception already named, to set foot in Antigua. The day was extremely pleasant. They were in sight of St. Christopher's before sunset, and, shortly after seven o'clock, made the harbour and landed. Friends met them on the beach; and, as they walked through the town, it was affecting and gratifying to hear Negroes blessing their *Great Massa* for bringing His servants in safety. The lady at whose house Mr. and Mrs. Jones were appointed to stay, during the District-Meeting, welcomed them to her habitation, and treated them with the kindly Methodist hospitality which exists in every clime.

The peculiar scenery of St. Christopher's attracted the attention of Mrs. Jones, who loved to contemplate the various works of God. Its grand

central mountain, with summit buried in clouds, and base beautifully surrounded by towns and villages,—the broad, clear ocean beyond,—the singular forms and habits of animal life, with the other productions of the island,—all were regarded with admiration. But the Christian sanctuaries filled with devout worshippers, the schools, and signal instances of the power of religion which fell under her own notice, awakened yet deeper interest. On the first Sabbath after her arrival at St. Christopher's, she paid a visit to her friend and former fellow-voyager, Mrs. William Clough. The meeting was full of affectionate interest, rich in memories of past joys and sorrows. Here also Mrs. Jones was introduced to some of the best society, and experienced great kindness. She was also taken to see several sick persons, one of whom she particularly names,—a young woman deeply afflicted with leprosy. Access to her own room was not permitted. But the door was slightly ajar, and she spoke from the other side. Mrs. Jones, who put some religious questions to her, was delighted with her replies, and with the holy joy which she expressed in the hope of being soon with her Lord. For many years none had seen her but her sister, except that, on one occasion, a young Clergyman, who had often derived profit, on his visits, from her conversation, earnestly requested a personal interview. Every preparation was made. But, on the visiter's entering the chamber, he could not for some time utter a word, and wept like a child. The

Missionaries used to preach abroad near her window, and the Class-Leader to speak to her through the door. Her death, a few weeks afterwards, was very triumphant.

At the friendly house where Mr. and Mrs. Jones were entertained, they had the pleasure of the Rev. Charles and Mrs. Janion's society. A respectable and amiable young lady, who was also staying there, embraced the truth in its spiritual power, united herself to the Society, and became an example of devoted attachment to the cause of God and its Ministers.

The Rev. William Gilgrass, who had laboured eighteen years in the West Indies, and had, at one time, suffered imprisonment in Jamaica for preaching the Gospel, was then at the point of death. "When Mrs. Gilgrass informed him of our arrival," writes Mrs. Jones, "he said, 'Let me see them:' on which we entered the room, and he shook our hands, saying his desire and prayer had been that he might see us once more. He spoke of his confidence in God, and of the glory into which he should enter." The death of Mr. Gilgrass made a very deep impression. He was committed to his last earthly resting-place, amidst a large assemblage of people, the day before the District concluded its sittings. It began on Monday, February 6th, and ended on Wednesday, the 22d. All the services appear to have been eminently favoured with the presence and blessing of God. Mrs. Jones more particularly mentions two,—the band-meeting on Saturday evening, the

4th, at which blacks and other coloured people spoke with great readiness and simplicity; and the sermon and sacramental service on Sunday morning, the 12th. The morning after the District-Meeting closed, the assembled Missionaries sealed anew their vows at the table of the Lord, and then parted in peace and hope.

The Mission-party returning to Antigua were the Rev. William White, Thomas Truscott, Daniel Hillier, William Oke, Thomas Jones; with Mrs. White, and three children; Mrs. Truscott, and one child; Mrs. Jones; and two nurses. They reached Montserrat; but, sailing thence, were driven back by the violence of the weather, and spent Sunday, the 26th, on that island. Mr. Hillier read the prayers and lessons for the day, the second lesson being 2 Cor. xi. "During the reading of [the account of] St. Paul's sufferings," says Mrs. Jones, "my mind was deeply affected. At the words, 'A night and a day I have been in the deep,' the horrors of shipwreck were suddenly presented to my view so forciby that I said to myself, 'I could suffer anything but shipwreck.' The impression remained; and during the service it would still recur to my thoughts, 'A night and a day have I been in the deep.'" It was not until evening that she obtained relief; but on Monday morning, while at prayer, the same impression returned, and she could not but ask herself in silence, "What can this mean?" After much prayer and deliberation, the Mission-party left their own vessel, and went on board the "Maria"

mail-boat.* On Monday, the 27th, they took an early dinner at Montserrat,—the last meal on earth to all of them but one,—and set sail. They were much pleased with their accommodations; and they spoke with grateful affection of Mr. and Mrs. Hyde, and others at Montserrat, and of the kindnesses which they had received. The wind rose very high in the night, and the sea became rough; but the party went to sleep.

The morning of Tuesday, 28th, was stormy, and the wind right ahead. But about four o'clock there was a cry of "Land! Antigua in sight!" Expectation was now revived and raised. Mrs. Jones relates the pleasing incident that Mr. White's little boy, William by name, opened the Hymn-Book, and gave out a hymn, which the rest of the children joined in singing; that he proceeded, with sense far above his years, to relate the account of the Prophet Jonas, and other Bible histories; and that, with an emphasis and seriousness which powerfully called attention at the time, he gave out the verse which begins,—

"Though waves and storms go o'er my head," &c.

Mrs. Jones's own mind now became suddenly disturbed. The feeling, she says, was one which she had never experienced before,—for she was greatly a stranger to fear at sea. She attempted

* All the Missionaries were anxious to return to their duties with as little delay as possible. This led to a preference, in the circumstances, of the "Maria" mail-boat. But it is worthy of record that their own vessel, which they left, arrived in Antigua, after a quick passage, with the luggage safe on board.

to pray, but for the moment could not. At length she cried, "Lord! Lord! help me." Scarcely had she uttered the words, when she became composed. She repeated the verse, with great comfort,—

"Jesus protects; my fears, be gone!
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in Thy arms I lay me down,
Thy everlasting arms of love."

She also sang,—

"When, passing through the watery deep,
I ask in faith His promised aid,
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head:
Fearless their violence I dare;
They cannot harm, for God is there!"

Her mind then remained calmly stayed on God, though an oppressive apprehension of evil hung over her.

About this time, the steward brought down a light in a lantern. The sea began to be very rough. Mr. and Mrs. Truscott were alarmed, and thought the vessel would upset. But little William still said to his mother, "Mamma! don't be afraid! no danger! Mamma must not be frightened; we shall soon be on shore." Quickly after, the steward came down in great haste. His countenance told that something was amiss. He snatched up the lantern, and, when Mrs. White asked him what was the matter, made no reply. On this, all the Mission-party jumped out of their berths, (the children and nurses were on the floor,) and, the vessel turning on her beam-ends, all were tumbled together. The sea was breaking over them, and

washing down into the cabin. They got out with great exertion: the mothers and nurses pushed up the children, each parent claiming his own. Mr. White gave his baby to Mrs. Jones, while he was helping up the others; and Mr. Jones laid hold of her, assisting her to the side of the vessel which was highest out of the water. She asked him what was the matter. He said, "There is danger! Let us pray! The vessel has struck on the reefs, and there is no hope of being saved!" Mrs. Jones continued to hold the vessel's side, with the baby in her arms, until the sea came so strongly upon them that she gave it to its mother. "I kissed the dear creature," she writes, "as I parted with it, and almost felt a mother's feelings." The Captain was very much alarmed, and cried out, "O my vessel! what will become of us?" —and the sailors appeared panic-struck. As the sea came rushing upon the wreck, it washed away the boat with a Negro in it, who had been struck by the boom, and thrown into it in a senseless state. The Mate, seeing the boat thus launched, jumped after it into the water, intending to bring it to the rescue of the passengers and crew; but, as the sea ran high, it was carried down with the current.* No hope of deli-

* The Mate, Mr. George Newbold, afterwards reported that he and the man (the two who were saved in the boat of the "Maria") endeavoured to scull the boat to the vessel, but found it impossible to reach her, from the boisterous weather, and the heavy sea that was running; added to which, part of the boat's stern was "stove in," and no proper place remained for sculling;—that they, however, used every

verance now appeared. The Captain looked eagerly after the boat, but it was soon out of sight; and, in a fit of despair, he cried, "O, my men are gone! the boat is upset!" The cries of the sailors were piercing, and the Missionaries exhorted them to pray. They clung about these servants of Christ, and eagerly caught all they said. Orders were subsequently given by the Captain that the mast and rigging should be cut away, himself assisting. The passengers clung to the bulwarks, and all were engaged in prayer to God.

The fury of the sea continued, and suddenly broke up the vessel. At that time, the Captain and four sailors, with Messrs. Hillier, Oke, and Jones, were clinging to the bows; while Mrs. Jones, Mr. White and family, Mr. Truscott, wife, and child, two nurses, one gentleman passenger, and several of the sailors, who were holding by the bulwarks on the quarter-deck, at once went down with that part of the vessel to which they had trusted themselves. When the wave had passed over, Mr. Jones called out to his wife. She heard him, and cried out, "I am going!" But her feet were entangled in the rigging, and this was the cause that she was not washed away with the rest. Finding by her voice that she was not far

possible exertion to return, but were unsuccessful;—and that by next morning they had drifted down to the back of Nevis, where they were fallen in with by a French sloop, which took them on board, and conveyed them to St. Bartholomew's.—*Rev. Thomas K. Hyde. Antigua "Weekly Register" for March 14th*, 1826.

off, Mr. Jones said, "Put out your hand." She reached it out above the water, when he caught it, and brought her up from a watery grave. But she now heard the heart-rending shrieks of the children. Their cry was, "O mamma! I am drowning. O papa! save me! save me!"—"The little baby's cries," she adds, "were distressingly distinct." One of the nurses had two children of her own on shore. She cried, "O, what will become of my children? They will be fatherless and motherless!" She then began to pray. Mr. Jones perceived her clinging to a part of the floating wreck in the water; but there was no possibility of helping her. He called out to her, "My sister, pray! O, pray to God to receive your soul! He will provide for your children: leave them to Him." "Yes," she said,—then added, "Lord, receive my soul—take me to Thyself,"—and calmly resigned her spirit to God. The other nurse cried out, "Farewell, aunt! farewell, sisters! we shall never meet on earth again. O, may we meet in heaven!" "I trust," says the surviver, "Eliza's prayer when drowning will be fully answered." She then said, "Farewell, Mrs. Jones! we shall meet in heaven,"—and received in answer the one word, "Farewell!"

When the Captain saw that Mrs. Jones was rescued, he directed that she should be brought to the bowsprit, and said, "Let us cling to this part of the vessel, as it is the firmest, and will remain the longest together." He inquired if she were safe; to which she answered, "Yes." But

she thought she should soon be exhausted, being extremely cold through sitting in the water with her head only just above the surface. She had no bonnet on; and the pieces of wreck, which came dashing against her, soon tore up her dress, —so that she had nothing to keep her warm. Mr. Jones pressed her to take his coat; but to this she could not consent. The Captain, however, brought her an old jacket, which she thankfully received in this time of extreme necessity. As they sat on the deck, the cries of the drowning sufferers, who appear to have been supported for a short time by the floating rigging and wreck, reached them from all parts: the brethren and sisters, with broken accents, still commending their souls to God. "Nothing," writes Mrs. Jones, "but the full assurance that their sufferings would shortly be ended, and that they would soon be admitted into glory, could have enabled us to sustain these awful moments; which also continually reminded us of what we must expect at length to be our own lot." "Every wave that came," she adds, "appeared like a mountain, and threatened us with destruction. O, what a scene of horror presented itself!—no moon,—no stars,—the sky totally dark,—the wind bursting in gusts upon us,—the sea roaring upon the rocks, —nothing to be seen but the lights in the harbour." Twice she lost her hold, in consequence of a large dog that had been on board attempting to get on the wreck. The poor animal, seeing her head out of water, came and put his feet upon

it; and she was very near being drowned before the brethren perceived her danger. The cries and groans of the sufferers had, by this time, ceased; upon which Mr. Jones remarked, "Now our brethren's sufferings are over." Mr. Hillier often spoke of his dear wife and children. The promises being named, that God would be a Husband to the widow, and a Father to the fatherless, he answered, "Yes;" and calmly resigned them to God. Very little was said, except to the Captain and sailors, who often inquired what they must do to be saved. The Missionaries pointed them to Jesus, as the Friend of sinners. "O, how they died at last," adds Mrs. Jones, "preaching Jesus to the poor men!" As that part of the ship on which the survivers sat still remained together, the Captain said there was hope, if they could hold on until the morning. And so this day of sorrows closed.

The night following appeared very long; and toward the morning of Wednesday, March 1st, every eye was directed to the sky, anxiously looking for daybreak. At length the sky cleared, and the sea became much more calm. Next, the tops of the hills were seen, and then the sun burst forth. Mr. Hillier clasped his hands together, and said, "Bless God! we see the light of another day. Now, my sister, we shall soon have help!" The Captain said that, if they had something with which they could make a signal, it would be discerned. Mr. Oke and Mr. Jones took off their cravats, tied them to a piece of wood, and hoisted

it. The brethren often named the beloved people of their charge in Antigua, saying, "If they knew our situation, we should soon have help. O, how many would come to our rescue!" Pointing to an estate opposite, Mr. Oke said, "That is Mr. Byam's estate; it is not more than three miles distant; perhaps they may see us, and come." The house stood on a high hill, and commanded a view of the sea. Objects could be seen from it with a telescope much farther than the reefs on which the mail-boat was wrecked. But Mrs. Byam afterwards informed Mrs. Jones that though, in general, scarcely a day passed without some one's looking out with a glass, yet, during the three days the sufferers were on the wreck, no one had ever thought of using it.

The bodies of some of those who had been drowned were now seen floating with the rigging, full in view. "Our feelings at this sight," we quote again, "cannot be described. It made me shrink from a watery grave, and long to die on shore. My mind was, however, led to contemplate the bliss of which they were then partaking; and I had great comfort from this consideration." The Captain, who was very kind, and administered all the encouragement in his power, ordered the sailors to cut the rigging adrift. But this was so much entangled with the wreck, that the dead bodies could not float away. Vessels now began to appear in sight. The wasted party saw a brig which had come very near to them enter the harbour. As it passed, they could distinguish

the sailors on board; and the Captain even said, "They are coming now!" The wished-for moment of deliverance was anxiously anticipated. A schooner was at length seen coming down toward them. Mr. Hillier said, while joy beamed in his countenance, "Now, sister Jones, help is coming!" and tears ran down his face, as he exclaimed, "I shall see my children again!" But the schooner tacked about, and was soon out of sight. Despair now filled the minds of the sailors. They often wondered that the man at Goat-Hill Battery did not see them. "He cannot be looking out," said the Captain. The fact was, that the man in question had left his post of duty, and gone to the other side of the island. He was afterwards discharged.

"Mutual inquiries were now made," the narrative proceeds, "into the state of our minds; and it fully appeared, by what was said, that we were all kept in peace. The Missionaries throughout were perfectly calm; and, as to myself, the lines of the hymn, before mentioned,—'Jesus protects; my fears, be gone!' &c.,—were constantly dwelling on my mind. Mr. Jones said how thankful he was to see me bear my calamity so well, and hoped I was still resigned to die. I replied, 'Yes, I am so; but sometimes I think I shall be saved. I see, indeed, such power in God, and my faith in Him is so strong, that I can scarcely think of anything else. But still my mind is comfortably willing for God to do with me as He sees good.'"

Two of the sailors were now so exhausted that at times the waves washed them from their seats, and the other seamen repeatedly recovered them; but all was in vain. The sea broke over the wreck, and washed the cook away. The steward was next carried off; and while drowning, as he clung to the frame of the wreck, he was heard praying for mercy. "He was close by us," adds the sympathizing witness, "when struggling with death: and when the sea washed him away, he was still calling upon God." Hunger now accompanied other sufferings. Mr. Hillier complained of this the most, appearing greatly to want food. Boats and schooners were still scudding along; yet none approached the wreck. Two sailors only remained; and they continued earnestly inquiring, "What must we do to be saved?" They clung to the brethren, and would not be satisfied but when they were talking to them about salvation. "O, how eagerly did they receive every word of comfort and instruction! One poor black man often cried out, 'Massa! Massa! my Great Massa! have mercy! have mercy!'" Night was fast approaching; and, as no help had arrived, the few who yet remained concluded it would be the last that they should see. The sun set, the wind rose, the sea swelled, and the waves came with greater violence. Mrs. Jones recalled to mind the horrors of the preceding night, and trembled at the thought of passing another in like circumstances. The party were seized with cold, and sat shivering, clinging to

each other to keep themselves warm. "This night was nearly as the preceding; but truly it was a night of prayer. If ever I felt the real value of religion, it was then. How foolish, how empty, was everything besides! how valuable was the little which I had, in this time of affliction!"

Daylight at last re-appeared on Thursday, March 2d. Hope was now nearly ready to expire. But, as the bright sun burst out, the small party revived, and again hoisted their signal; and, the sea not running quite so high as before, the Captain said, if it were not for the current, one might swim as far as Sandy Island, which was but a mile and a half distant. Sometimes the sailors would exclaim, "A schooner is coming!" All thought so, and were ready to plunge into the water to meet it; but their hopes were again blasted. Towards noon, the sea became very much calmer. Mr. Hillier expressed his intention to swim, if he could, to the shore. The Captain told him he perhaps might swim to Sandy Island. But, not being aware of the current with which he would have to contend, he seemed confident, saying that when a boy he could swim well. "I cannot swim," said the Captain, "or I would try." "Then," replied Mr. Hillier, "it is the more my duty to make the attempt to save myself and the rest." After praying for each other, he shook hands with his companions, and said, "Farewell! God bless you! If we never meet on earth, we shall meet in heaven." He

took out his watch, and gave it to Mr. Oke, who sat the next to him, saying, "Here is my watch: if I should not succeed, and you should be saved, give it to my wife." He then made ready, and said, "Now, brethren, it is for you as well as myself that I make the trial. If I get on shore, I shall soon send out boats." "God bless you!" he finally added, and plunged into the water. "He set out very well," writes Mrs. Jones, "and swam, I should suppose, thirty or forty yards. But he was obliged to stop. The current was too strong for him, or I believe he would have made the shore. After some time he returned, and endeavoured to regain the wreck, which he was within a few yards of reaching; but a wave washed over us, and when it had passed I saw him on my side of the vessel, and cried, 'O Captain! Mr. Hillier is drowning!' The Captain said all was over; for they should only lose their own hold, and, without saving him, endanger their own lives. He then laid hold of a piece of wreck, and pushed it out to our poor brother, who attempted to seize it, but was again washed away. At last, being quite exhausted, he gave us a farewell look, and shut his eyes. What were our feelings! Not a word was spoken; but his groans were heard. I shut my eyes; the sight I could not bear. The Captain watched him till he was carried down with the stream, and out of sight." "Brother Hillier's sufferings are at an end," said Mr. Jones; "and this will soon be the case with us, for we cannot live much longer."

"Our number gets less," said Mr. Oke; "it will soon be our lot to follow him." "I could not speak," says Mrs. Jones; "my heart was too full."

The want of food and fresh water was almost insupportable; for the sufferers had tasted nothing since the preceding Monday, and it was now Thursday. The salt water, meanwhile, forcing its way, indescribably increased their thirst. If a cloud like rain passed over, they held up their mouths to catch a drop, if possible. Mrs. Jones now also suffered more keenly from the cold, when her husband took off his great coat, and insisted that she should put it on. She availed herself of it, and he put on the jacket which the Captain had given her. Toward sunset, Mr. Oke, seeing no prospect of their being saved, asked the Captain whether he thought they could make Sandy Island, if they got on the mast that was floating by. The Captain replied that he had little hope, as they were all so weak; but he would try. He then laid hold of the rope, and the mast was brought to; and, while the Captain and Mr. Oke were making ready, Mr. Jones said to his wife, "We shall soon be left alone." She asked him if he wished to make the trial with them; and he replied that, if she had not been with him, he would have done so. She then said she would do her best to get on the other mast; or, if he would accompany the Captain, she would remain clinging on the bowsprit. Mr. Jones answered, "No, my dear, I will not leave you. We will remain together as

long as we can." The wreck now began to unjoint, and they expected that before morning it would quite separate. They suffered much from pieces of wood with nails in them, which, by the force of the water, were driven against them, and tore their flesh. On that day, also, the sun greatly scorched Mrs. Jones; for, as she had no bonnet, her face was blistered, as well as her hands. Afterwards the skin and finger-nails came off. Well might she express her astonishment that, after all, she still lived, and possessed the use of all her limbs and faculties. When afterwards taken on shore, it could not be believed that she was a white person!

The Captain and one sailor got on the mast; but it turned round with them, and the former was near being washed away. The two regained the wreck, and gave up the attempt. Vessels were still passing near, the men upon them quite discernible. The sufferers often said to each other, "They *must* see us!" On the beach of Goat-Hill, they could also see people walking; as also the Negroes at work, on an estate opposite. This was felt to be more trying than if they had seen no one. Night again came on,—expected, as before, to be the last. Nature was now almost exhausted. The swell was not so great, and the survivers were able to get a few moments' repose. One kept watch while the others slept. Mrs. Jones was not so sleepy as Mr. Oke and Mr. Jones; and she supported them while they rested. Mr. Oke said he was quite surprised that she held it out the

best; and Mr. Jones expressed his great thankfulness to God that she was kept so calm, and was so mercifully sustained. "Indeed," she says, "with gratitude I remember the goodness of God to me, which so upheld me that it was my greatest satisfaction to help them; and my own sufferings were lessened by the attentions I was able to afford them." When her husband awoke, he appeared much better; but she felt sick and faint, as if death were approaching. Mr. Jones, with inexpressible tenderness, begged her to sleep, and not to yield, adding, "What should we have done without you?" He kept watch while she slept for a moment, or as the waves would permit. While she slept, she dreamed, and thought she heard a voice, "Take courage; to-day deliverance will come." The voice was repeated, and her attention was directed to a boat that came rowing down,—exactly like the one which afterwards brought her relief. She immediately awoke, and said, "To-day we shall be saved!" But of this there did not appear to be a ray of hope.

Toward the morning of Friday, March 3d, she was so faint with violent pain, that she could not support herself. When the sun broke out, the faintness increased, and she thought she was dying. She told her husband so; who said he saw she was much altered. To revive her, he bade her remember her dream. "Perhaps to-day," said he, "help may come. For my sake, do not give up." She remained very ill until the sun became powerful, when she gradually revived. The day was much

clearer than before, and the party were severely burnt by the scorching rays. Mr. Oke was so weak that he scarcely moved his hand; and the Captain and sailors appeared ready to yield; frequently remarking it was strange that the fishermen did not set out a fishing, as there were fish-pots placed all around. A small boat was seen in the course of the morning not far from the wreck, and was hailed. But there was no answer. Yet, as Mrs. Jones was afterwards informed, it was through a fisherman's naming that he had seen a wreck about eleven o'clock, that assistance was at length sent out.

The Captain thought of lead as useful, when chewed, to relieve thirst; and ordered one of the sailors to get some from the port-hole. He gave Mrs. Jones a little, and Mr. Jones got a little also. "O, how eagerly," says she, "did I bite my piece!" The Captain warned her against swallowing it, as, in that case, it would soon prove fatal. But she found that it sensibly relieved her. —Few words now passed. All seemed engaged in prayer. The bodies of the children floated in their sight. Mr. Jones became drowsy, and could not keep awake. He was several times washed from his place. But his wife recovered him, and continued to hold him while he slept. After sleeping, he was refreshed, and desired her to sleep, saying he would wake her when the waves came. While she was thus sleeping, Mr. Oke thought he could swim to shore. As there appeared no probability of his reaching land, Mrs. Jones

believes that he could not, at the time, have been perfectly sensible. The Captain and Mr. Jones attempted to dissuade him. But all in vain. He shook hands with Mr. Jones, and, after a painful farewell, was about to wake Mrs. Jones. But it was urged, "Spare her feelings; do not disturb her." Mr. Oke then plunged into the water; but, not having strength to use his hands, was very soon carried away. On awaking, Mrs. Jones missed him, and was informed of what had occurred. "Our sufferings," she says, "were now so great, that death was truly desirable; though, by the great mercy of God, our minds were kept in perfect peace." One of the sailors attempted to get on shore with a plank; but as soon as he set off the plank gave way, and he was drowned. The last remaining sailor appeared almost dead when he was washed away. Night was drawing on apace, and Mr. Jones was gradually dying. His wife was obliged constantly to hold him. The poor Captain was almost as ill as he.

Three only were now left. Mr. Jones could scarcely speak distinctly. Sometimes he would say, "Let me go, for I am dying!"—and sometimes he would ask what could be the matter with him. Every wave that came threatened to carry him away. He had no power to help himself; and one wave at length bore him off—so that his wife had hold only of his coat-collar. She called to the Captain, "Mr. Jones is drowning! O, if you can help me, do! Do not let him drown, for he is dying! Raise him, and let him die in my

arms!" The Captain turned round, and attempted to render help, but could not. He was not able even to take part in lifting his foot over the bowsprit, but said, "It is all over! I am dead almost myself. I cannot, I cannot assist you!" Mrs. Jones, then, by a last effort, got his head upon her shoulder; but how she collected strength for this exertion she could not tell. She continued to hold him in her arms, but frequently thought she must yield him up. Then again she thought, "O, if I can but save him until death has ended his sufferings, I shall be satisfied!" He spoke after this; but she could not answer him for weeping, and she now felt as though her heart would break. Mr. Jones then, with a struggle, cried aloud, "Come, Lord Jesus!" This he repeated three times, and then exclaimed, "Glory! glory! glory!" His faithful guardian held him several minutes; but he neither moved nor spoke afterwards. She spoke to him, and begged him, if still alive, to move his hand. But life had fled.

At the time, as she well remembered afterwards, she felt thankful, amidst all her sorrows, that she had been able so to help him as to keep him from drowning, and that he had not to struggle with death in the water. She had also the fullest assurance of his being admitted into heaven; which afforded her indescribable consolation. When she heard his exclamation, "Glory!" it sounded to her as his last triumph, and, instead of dread, she "felt it," to use her own expression, "like heaven." Though exhausted, she could not

yield him to the waves. Her heart seemed to say, "Stop awhile, before I let him go." But a wave at length washed him away, and he floated at her feet. The Captain, to whom she called, was not able to speak, or even to stir, being then almost dead.* Her feelings now quite overwhelmed her. Her heart heaved and swelled with strange emotions; her eyes grew dim; and she lapsed into a state of insensibility. Her last faint sight was her husband's body lying by her knee,—kept from being washed away by a piece of the bowsprit; and the last thing she could remember was her saying, "Farewell! I shall soon be with you."

Time now passed unnoted. But it could not have been long before two gentlemen, Mr. Kentish and Mr. Ashford, reached the wreck, the sea still

* The Captain, whose kindness Mrs. Jones loved to record, was soon numbered with the other departed ones. He had told his fellow-sufferers that he had a wife and four children, probably by that time five, in the island of Barbadoes. Mr. Kentish despatched a small vessel to that island, after as little delay as possible, with a letter to a friend, begging him to break the mournful tidings by degrees to the Captain's widow. But he was too late. The Captain's young son was playing, when a little black boy came up to him, and said, "Ah, Massa, you no know, or you no play there." "Why?" asked the Captain's son. The other replied, "Your papa drowned, and all on board." The poor little fellow ran into the hall, and was met by his aunt, whom he clasped round the knees. On hearing the sad intelligence, she fell down dead; and the mother, who had been confined but a few days, sank into unconsciousness. Whether she recovered or not, cannot now be stated.

washing over it, and approach to it dangerous.* They were surprised to see Mrs. Jones sitting there, and not holding herself, her face resting on her hand, her eyes fixed on the water. The first gentleman who touched her said she inquired what it was he wanted. He replied, that he was come to her assistance. She then asked for water, and said, "Bring Mr. Jones! He is there!"—meaning the place upon which her eyes had been fixed. They asked her name, and she told them, "Mrs. Jones, of Parham." They conveyed her, with great care, from the wreck into the boat, and gave her some cordials. But she could remember nothing except her importunity in urging them to bring Mr. Jones. She pointed out a body to them, which had been for some time near her feet, and was not then quite cold. When she penned her own touching narrative, she believed this to have been the body of the Captain; but she afterwards saw good reason to conclude that it really was Mr. Jones's, who had one of the

* Mrs. Jones could not but wonder how it was that she continued on the wreck, in her insensible state, amidst the roughness of the sea. Another cause of surprise to herself and others was, that the sufferers in their helpless extremity were not devoured by sharks and devil-fish, which abound on the reefs where the vessel was cast away, especially in stormy weather, attracted, as it was likely they would be, by the number of bodies already dead. Divers, who were employed after the wreck, and for the most part successfully, in recovering doubloons, the property of the only fellow-passenger of the Mission party, a Jew, were often driven away by these monsters of the deep. "But the Lord," says Mrs. Jones, "gave His angels charge over me."

Captain's jackets on at the time of his death. The body was taken on shore, and received Christian interment; and it yielded her some consolation, in subsequent years, to think that one so precious had a quiet resting-place on land. As for herself, by the time that she and her deliverers arrived at the beach, she was scarcely alive; her pulse had all but ceased its beating, and consciousness had fled.

In this exhausted and nearly inanimate condition, she was landed. An immense crowd of people waited on the beach to receive and welcome the survivers. "It was well for me," she writes, "that I was unconscious of their congratulations lavished upon one solitary being." Many of the spectators inquired who she was; and one of the Wesleyan friends, who did not know her, told her afterwards that she was a frightful object to behold, on account of the distortion of her features. Her complexion also was the colour of soot. She was carried to the house of Joshua Kentish, Esq., with very little hope of recovery. But to the attention of Dr. Peddie, with Mr. and Mrs. Kentish's kind care, under the blessing of God, she attributed her spared life; and never, to her latest days, did she cease to feel the grateful obligations which she thus owed. The generous assiduities of Mr. and Mrs. Kentish, in particular, were beyond all praise.* After some time, pulsa-

* "Mrs. Kentish used to come down in the night," writes Mrs. Jones, "to see that I had every proper attention. The order of the house was entirely changed. All company was

tion was restored; she sighed, and spoke. Her name was again asked; and she replied again, "Mrs. Jones, of Parham." In answer to another question, she gave her father's name and address; but immediately added, "*If you write to my father, say that I have never regretted engaging in the Mission-work.*" Mrs. M'Kie, one of her most intimate and valued friends, entered, hoping to see Mrs. Jones; but she turned away in disappointment,—for she could trace no likeness. As she was quitting the apartment, however, she stepped back, and desired to see the lady's left hand. "*It is she!*" cried the faithful friend, agitated with deepest emotions, "*it is she!*" Some time before, Mrs. M'Kie had given her a guard-ring, and that ring was still there! Mrs. Jones cherished the highest esteem for Mrs. M'Kie to the latest period of her life, and corresponded with her, especially in reference to Antigua charities. In death they were not long divided.

Consciousness was more fully restored on the evening of Sunday, March 5th. Yet Mrs. Jones could not persuade herself, for some time, that her husband would never return. She fancied that he had floated down on a plank, and would

given up; but any that came to see me were received with the utmost readiness. Indeed," she adds, "it would be quite impossible to describe the unvarying kindness shown to me by all, from the heads of the family down to the meanest slave. Not a wish seemed to cross my mind, but it was met." She was also deeply sensible of the affectionateness of the Missionaries and other friends.

eventually arrive at Antigua. Afterwards she regarded it as a mercy that the awful reality did not burst upon her at first. It did burst upon her at last. "But I was dumb," she says, "and my mind was hushed." Mr. Bourne saw her. "She had exchanged her English bloom," he writes, "for a wholly different appearance. Still she was calm, serene, and thankful,—her mind all but overwhelmed by the sense of her irreparable losses, and her gracious and providential deliverance." Mr. Hyde hastened from Montserrat, and conducted solemn funeral-services at St. John's, Antigua. The congregations were very large, and, for the most part, clad in mourning. Indeed the demand for mourning was so great that the articles rose considerably in price. At one time, during Mr. Hyde's first service, on the Sunday morning, the distress of the people was so great that he was compelled to pause. "Truly," as he writes, "it might be said, 'This is a grievous mourning.'" The impression produced on the island at large was beyond all ordinary parallel. Mr. Hyde, who spent some time with Mrs. Jones, speaks of her as "a monument of God's mercy, a surprising instance of the power of His grace;" enduring "the death of one of the most affectionate of husbands, and best of men, with the greatest Christian resignation." He also mentions the wonderful support granted to Mrs. Hillier in her sore bereavement.*

* The Rev. Thomas Kennington Hyde, an earnest and exemplary Missionary, departed to his rest four years

Mrs. Jones continued slowly to recover, but not without serious relapses. The first sight of the mourning which had been provided for her without her knowledge nearly deprived her of life. She felt that she was a widow,—that the world was a blank, and she alone. But the Lord came to her help. She gave herself to prayer, and seemed, indeed, "just to be kept up by prayer." An artery in the temple, which had been cut when she was brought on shore, broke out afresh, and bled so profusely that her strength was greatly reduced, and her life in jeopardy. At length her medical attendant signified that her only hope of recovery was in a return to England. On her departure from the island, the expressions of affectionate regard from poor and rich, bond and free, were extraordinary. One poor black woman brought several rolls of chocolate which she had prepared in the night, and had then walked eight miles early in the morning to present. But the cabin seemed literally crammed. "Well," said Mr. Kentish, "if religion is love, this indeed is a manifestation of it." Mrs. Hillier and her three fatherless children were in the ship with Mrs. Jones. Every attention was paid, during the voyage, to the youthful widow,—not yet twenty-four years of age; and, after a prosperous though sometimes stormy passage, she landed at Hastings, where

later. But few days intervened between the death of himself and his excellent wife.—What a rich series of Christian biographies would the lives of Missionaries alone supply!

she was entertained with great kindness and hospitality, at the house of a Dissenting Minister, until that time a perfect stranger. (Twenty-five years afterwards, when on a short visit to that town, she sought out her generous host, and was delighted to renew her acquaintance with him.) As soon as she could travel without peril, she proceeded from Hastings to her father's house, where she was received with every demonstration of love, as one alive from the dead.

Six years and four months Mrs. Jones walked "the lonely widow's path." Occasionally she paid visits to Chester, where she experienced unremitting kindness from her valued friend, Mrs. Harrison. But she spent the greater part of her widowhood in Liverpool. A journal, kept at this interval, tells of her ever-affectionate memories of the departed,—of afflictions and spiritual conflicts,—of an undying love to the cause of Christian Missions,—of earnest pursuit of higher spiritual attainments,—of the peculiar privileges which she enjoyed under the able pulpit-ministrations which she attended,—of happy fellowship with eminent Christian ladies at that time resident in Liverpool,—and of progress made in the discipline and experience of the Christian life. Her spirituality of mind seemed to flourish in so genial an atmosphere; and she loved, in following years, to refer to this period as a season of no small religious enjoyment. Miss Birkett was, at this time, one of her most prized and familiar friends; and, at first, her Leader. But, after awhile, she was

herself appointed to the same office, and entered upon it with unaffected humility. She discharged its duties with unwearied diligence and patience, and with good success. Her health, by degrees, regained no small portion of its former strength and elasticity; and she was prepared, in the course of God's grace and providence, for the important services which she had yet to perform.

An extract from a letter, dated "Manchester, November 8th, 1831," may be fitly inserted here: —"Last Sabbath I felt my mind sweetly drawn towards God. I read a 'Farewell to the World,' written by a Minister on the last sacramental Sabbath he enjoyed on earth, and felt it very sweet. Then I read the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel; and, when I came to the third verse, I cannot express what I felt. That, and several of the succeeding verses, affected me in such a way that I could scarcely suppress my emotions. I afterwards read part of the last chapter of the Revelation. The heavenly tide still flowed in on every hand. After some time, I went to my room. The Lord continued graciously and gently to draw my spirit nearer and nearer to Himself. I was led into such adoration, humble confidence, and reverential joy, as words cannot express. My very soul seemed to go forth in unutterable praise. The light which shone did not seem to throw its beams on any particular point, but gave views and feelings so enlarged that my soul seemed like something pinioned down by its connexion with the body, but sweetly

raised above it. I saw the glorious privilege of wearing, even here, the garments of immortality. Heavenly objects made the joys and sorrows of the present state appear like atoms dancing in the rays of the sun, not heavy enough to settle, but floating about in their own insignificance. I do not remember to have had [at any other time] so very near views of eternal things."

On the 13th of July, 1832, she was united in marriage to Thomas C. Hincksman, Esq., of Preston; and, for nearly twenty-seven years, she approved herself as deserving, in this relation, of all esteem and affection. Her course through life was now bright and pleasant, save as occasionally darkened and troubled by domestic bereavements. "The Lord granted her that she found rest in the house of her husband." She was a pattern of every domestic, conjugal, and maternal grace, still faithfully discharging the allotted duties of time, but looking above and beyond them all to the bliss of eternity.

The indefatigable care which she bestowed in training the children whom God gave her, deserves particular mention. It would not be easy to describe her constant solicitude to instil into their minds lessons of truthfulness, patience, order, godliness, and mutual affection,—all of which she recommended by her own example. If she erred, it was in verging toward the extreme of watchfulness and anxiety. She was remarkable, in all her family-concerns, for diligence and economy; rising early, and suffering no moment to pass

unemployed; a determined enemy to indolence and extravagance. But the even kindness of her manner, and her unruffled temper, shed an influence upon the whole household which could not be unfelt or disregarded.

Domestic claims did not, however, absorb her time and attention. She occupied an important position in the Christian circle around her, and readily joined, with her wonted prudence, zeal, and truly Christian kindness, in every good work to which her opportunities or ability could reach. Her ardent attachment to Christian Missions remained unabated to the close of life, nor would she allow a fair occasion of supporting them to pass by unheeded. She never forgot the West Indies; and one of her last-expressed wishes was, that a contribution might be sent in aid of the local charities of Antigua. But the sick, and the poor, and the untaught at home were equally the objects of her tender regard; and many a once-afflicted saint, whose dying pillow she had smoothed, has doubtless welcomed her into the "everlasting habitations." The Christian sweetness of her temper, accompanied with a freedom from all affectation, won for her many friends, not a few of whom delighted to pour their troubles into her ear, and listen to her words of comfort and encouragement. "She opened her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue was the law of kindness."—One who had the best opportunities of marking her entire walk, during more than a quarter of a century, does not remember ever to

have seen her yield to an unchristian temper, or heard her give utterance to a rash, intemperate speech. Yet she had nothing cold or phlegmatic in her disposition. Her heart was warm, and glowed with affection; and her love to God and man was an ever-flowing stream. It was seen as distinctly in the care and tenderness with which she treated the character of the absent, as in her assiduous endeavours to profit them that were present. Her thoughtful and unselfish attention to the comfort of all, and especially of them that were under disappointment and suffering, bore constant evidence to the power of Divine grace, and to its lovely fruits in hearts yielded up to its softening and hallowing agency.

Mrs. Hincksman's love for the Christian communion to which she was chiefly indebted, under God, for what she knew and enjoyed, remained unabated to the last; and she never withdrew her pledge from Him who had saved her by His grace. Her house was ever open to the messengers of the Gospel, whom she honoured for their great Master's sake; and her place in the sanctuary was rarely vacant. Nor did she attend as a merely formal and orderly worshipper. Her whole soul delighted in the services; and none could say with greater sincerity, "Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth." In the circulation of the holy Scriptures, and of religious tracts, she took a warm interest. To all which it is but just to add, that her Christianity was truly catholic,

and that, while unfeignedly attached to her own communion, none could unite, heart and hand, more earnestly than she, with all of other denominations who "loved our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity," or rejoice more gratefully in the prosperity of every branch of the Christian church.

Her religious experience was so far uniform, that she faithfully held on her way, and maintained a sweet and habitual consciousness of the favour of God, though often assailed by Satan's buffetings, and occasionally, more or less, depressed by sickness. They who were accustomed to meet her in the more social means of grace well knew how to estimate the depth and genuineness of her spiritual experience, and the comprehensiveness and power of her prayers. Her reading toward the close of life was almost entirely confined to experimental and practical subjects. Holy Scripture, and whatever threw light upon it, had the greatest attraction for her. Its prophetical parts, those especially which bear upon the restoration of the Jews, were sure to command her particular and devout attention.

Failing in health, she removed, in 1847, with Mr. Hincksman and the family, to Lytham. Her strength was at that time wasted by a violent inflammation of the lungs, which had almost baffled the skill of her medical adviser; and she arrived at Lytham in a state of great prostration, enveloped in flannels and other wrappings. A gentleman happened to be visiting at that place, who had resided many years in the West Indies,

and was in Antigua at the time when the "Maria" mail-boat was wrecked, with all the particulars of which catastrophe he had a familiar acquaintance. This led to many interviews with Mr. and Mrs. Hincksman. The gentleman had derived singular advantage from the hydropathic treatment. Mrs. Hincksman was induced to try the same; and, after five or six weeks spent at an establishment of this class, Benvhydding, near Otley, Yorkshire, returned home wonderfully renovated. She continued, as occasion required, to use the same system, as appears, with very great benefit; and she was ever after a consistent and unfailing advocate of what she regarded as its renewing power. Her visits for the improvement of health always brought some agreeable additions to the large circle of her Christian friends, and yielded fresh evidence of the influence which her Christian spirit and conduct exerted on those with whom she was brought into more direct intercourse.

A few years after the removal to Lytham, she was deprived by death of her youngest daughter, at the age of fifteen; and four years afterwards of a dearly-beloved son, who had reached the age of twenty-two. But she was sustained under these sharp bereavements by the grace which she had ever proved to be sufficient. She bowed in meek submissiveness to Him who doeth all things well, and became a minister of comfort to them who shared her sorrows. Her peaceful resignation and confidence, at these painful seasons, brought out her Christian character in yet greater fulness

and beauty. She ceased from complaint and murmuring, saying, "The will of the Lord be done!"

For the last few months of her life, it was evident that she grew in preparation for her own departure. Yet, until the last five days, her activities can scarcely be said to have slackened. She rose at her customary hour of six o'clock, and pursued her daily domestic duties, though not without signs of pain and weakness. On Tuesday night, April 12th, 1859, she retired to rest very weary, and speaking of a pain in the side. That pain increased. Early in the morning appliances were used for its removal, and medical aid was called in during the day. The disease was pleurisy, accompanied with inflammation of the lungs. Yet danger was not seriously apprehended. Nay, on the Friday morning, the sufferer herself spoke of her expectation of recovery. Occasionally, she mentioned the spiritual confidence which she felt, and her freedom from the fear of death, for which, by the mercy of God, she had not now to prepare: and she charged her family and servants to meet her in heaven. At one time, she said that she "knew she had given her heart to God, and had not wickedly departed from Him;" adding, with her wonted diffidence, that, "perhaps, she had been a little too anxious about her dear family." She was often observed to be engaged in prayer, and had great enjoyment when some of her favourite hymns were read to her. When she

was scarcely able to articulate, she made it understood that she particularly desired one hymn to be recited, containing a stanza which had yielded a stay and comfort to her mind during the shipwreck:—

> "When passing through the watery deep,
> I ask in faith His promised aid,
> The waves an awful distance keep,
> And shrink from my devoted head;
> Fearless their violence I dare;
> They cannot harm, for God is there!"

On Sunday afternoon all hope of recovery was gone, though it was not thought that the change was near. But her warfare was accomplished. A few minutes after seven o'clock, the silver cord was gently loosed, and the spirit gained its long-sought rest with God.

A review of these Memorials cannot fail to teach every reader, and it ought especially to teach every younger reader, the unspeakable value of *Christian decision.* Christian decision is prominent in every part of Mrs. Hincksman's course. She did not hesitate; she did not falter; she did not turn aside. Nothing of instability appears. When assailed in the earlier part of her days by an opposition which she felt to be peculiarly painful,—when afterwards called to pass through scenes of almost unparalleled distress,—and when placed, during subsequent years of life, in circumstances of ease and comfort, she was still the same;—true to her

principles, her choice, her profession. She "held on her way" until she gained its blessed consummation. Fidelity to her Lord is now crowned with endless security and peace. "The way of the wicked is as darkness: they know not at what they stumble. But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

LONDON:
PRINTED BY ROBERT NEEDHAM,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

Standard and Popular Works,

PUBLISHED BY

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